

Anti-Slavery

(UNCLE TOM'S CABIN SONGS)

"SLEEP MY CHILD, LET NO ONE HEAR YOU."



SUNG BY

WRITTEN BY

CHARLES JEFFERYS.

ELIZA'S SONG

MISS STABBACH.

COMPOSED BY

STEPHEN CLOVER.

LONDON. CHARLES JEFFERYS 21 SOHO SQUARE

"THE MOTHER'S STRUGGLE."

("Uncle Tom's Cabin," chap. 7.)

Eliza, the Mulatto Slave belonging to Mr. Shelby, having learned that her master had sold her boy, little Harry, to Haley - the Trader in "the human Article," determines to attempt an escape with her child. - "Poor boy! poor fellow," said Eliza - "they have sold you! but your mother will save you yet." After intense suffering and hairbreadth escapes she succeeds and ultimately reaches the shores of Canada -

"That happy land upon whose soil
When once the Slave has trod
He may look up, a man, and own
No master but his GOD!"

See George's song of thanksgiving and
"Uncle Tom's Cabin," chap. 37.

"SLEEP, MY CHILD!"

Words by CHAS. JEFFERYS.

Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

Sleep, my Child!

4-16-42 P. 100

a tempo.

Sleep, my child, let no one hear you, If you speak, love, whisper low:

pp tranquillo.

Cling to me; while I am near you Do not start and tremble so:—

Sleep, and I will not forsake you, Lay your head up...on my breast;

*energico.**dim.*

No one from my arms shall take you, There my boy in peace may rest.

*esra.**dim.**esra.*

Sleep, my child!

a tempo.

Heav'n is shi.ning bright.ly for me.

*dim.**p**pp**tranquillo.*

And the stars now beam.ing there— Seem like an.gels hov!.ring o'er me

agitato.

Just to keep me from des.pair:— Hark!—that sound!—'tis

p

like the bay.ing Of the bloodhounds thro' the wild—

Sleep, my child!

*appassionato.**dim.*

Heav'n pro-tect us:— while I'm pray...ing, All my thoughts are

*cres.**dim.*

on my child.

*cres.**dim.**p**a tempo.*

No! it was the cold winds' mur....mur— And the sound has

*pp**tranquillo.*

pass'd a...way. Making all my hopes the firm....er—

sleeps my child!

con anima.

For 'tis not in vain I pray: Hail! your father,

still may greet you; He once more may smile on me,

piu animato.

Husband! husband! I shall meet you Where your wife no

*cres.**dim.*

Slave will be!

*cres.**dim.**p*

Sleep, my Child!